

No 6 Cushing Street,
Providence, Sept 7th 1888,

My Dear Watson,

Will you, if it is in your power, kindly send me a copy of the list of Dr Graig's papers that appeared in the Am. Journal?

I have never been well since that day I saw you at Dr Graig's funeral. I caught cold in the horse-car, was cold in the Chapel; cold again on the car returning to Providence. I was suddenly seized with rheumatism, and confined to my bed three weeks. After that the disease took a chronic form as lumbago and a severe pain in the back of the neck, and a general weakness. I could barely walk through the term. College matters, too, distressed me much; my unofficious salary, and

the total indifference to the needs of my department. Really - I cannot teach and do what I ought by the herbarium. It is wholly out of the question. There is not a cent here - you know what it is, to employ two men for five years - all day. The room, too, is small, and inadequate. Phew! I am disgusted with it all. But the toughest part of it is that I cannot live on my salary - and, in order to go away this summer, as directed by the Dr I had to draw on my principal. This, with a family to bring up, and nothing to leave them, is sad enough! Is there any work you can direct in my direction?

I am just returned from a two months stay - alone, at West Point. I am better, but am advised to "draw it mild" for some time. If only I could see my way ahead as regards

business, I would wish the rest. My long illness has cut off many of my resources. If the worst comes to the worst, for what could I sell my herbarium? Is there any demand? It would be like pulling eye-teeth to part with it - but even Mrs. W.'s "manu livre" - and the sentiments must go.

All luck and happiness
Feyers! What can you tell me of the proposed drama, and of the Signet House, and of Faulstich's volume?

Affly always
Your friend
W. W. Bailey